

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" carries with it the advantages of a Railway Accident Life Policy for £150.

ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VII.—No. 323.]

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER'S SWITCHBACK AT SCARBOROUGH.

"Papa's new and improved Switchback Railway has been patronized more or less freely by visitors to Scarborough during the week. Some of the people, Alexandry writes, take to it very kindly, while others say the motion reminds them too much of an earthquake to be pleasant. Poor Papa says in this world it is very difficult to please everybody. In spite of adverse criticism, he strongly recommends it for people suffering from liver complaint, and he is convinced that, as a nerve tonic, it is second to none. Beyond a slight hitch the other day, everything is working to Pa's satisfaction."—TOOTSIE.

NOT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR.



1. "Come on, Sandy," yelled Tammy o' Shanter to his friend and brother in arms, Sandy Mac-Doughish. "Never sae dee, mon; we'll show the rizzle duggles the wa' ta' tak' prizes."

2. "Eh, mon! but what does this mean, Sandy? For ivin' sae tell me if O'm awa'k! or is it a nightmare that I see before me?" "Yeer a fu," muttered Sandy, angrily.

3. "Ta think that we descidants o' Scotland's bluest blud should a' been treated like this! Shade o' Bruce! shower down thy curses on these English varmints, for Scotland is insulted!"

COLONEL JACK.

"My origin may be as high as anybody's, for aught I know," says Colonel Jack himself, in the curious story of his life, written early in the eighteenth century, when he was a rich old Virginian planter. "My nurse told me that my mother was a gentlewoman and my father a man of quality, and that she (my nurse) had a large piece of money given her to take me off his hands."

The nurse treated him kindly, and brought him up with her own son and another foundling boy. The name of all three was Jack, and so to distinguish one from the other, they were dubbed Captain, Colonel and Major Jack. Captain Jack, the nurse's son, was a squat, strong made boy, capable of doing "the foulest and most villainous things," and he "had no taste of being honest"; but Major Jack was "a merry, pleasant boy, and had something of the gentleman in him—had true manly courage, and feared nothing"; whilst as for Colonel Jack, "I passed among my comrades," he says, "for a bold, resolute boy; but I had a different opinion of myself, and therefore shunned fighting as much as I could. I was wary and dexterous at my trade (that of a thief), and not so often caught as my fellow rogues." The Colonel was ten years old, the Captain eleven, and the Major eight when the nurse died and was buried by the parish, and the three boys were turned loose upon the world. The good people of Rosemary Lane and Ratcliffe Highway occasionally gave them food, and in the summer

time they "dressed" on "bulkheads" and at shop doors, and in winter got into the ash-holes in the glass-houses.

After a time some other youngsters persuaded the Captain to go a kidnapping. The gang used to catch children in the evening, stop their mouths, and carry them to houses where they had rogues ready to receive them, who put them on ships bound for Virginia, and when they arrived they were sold—"i.e., as slaves. These atrocious young miscreants were, at length, lodged in Newgate, and Captain Jack, though he was not much above thirteen years old, was ordered to be three times whipped at Bridewell, and "was scourged so severely he lay sick for a good while."

About this period the Major joined two other boys, and went with them to learn pocket-picking at Bartholomew Fair. He returned to the Colonel in the evening with a handful of silver, out of which he gave him a sixpence and a shilling's worth of small silver pieces. "This," says the Colonel, "was very welcome to me, who never had a shilling of money together, in all my life, that I could call my own. We went to Rag Fair and bought each of us a pair of shoes and stockings, and afterwards went to a boiling-cook's in Rosemary Lane, where we treated ourselves nobly, for we had boiled beef, pudding, a penny loaf and a pint of strong beer, which cost us sevenpence in all."

Colonel Jack joined the pickpockets, and accompanied one Will to Billingsgate, where they found the captain of a collier, in a room in a tavern, with a large sum of money spread out on a table before him, which he was counting and tying up in bags. Having learnt his name, Will walked up to the table and said that two gentlemen at the "Gun" were waiting to speak to him, and as he delivered the sham message he slipped one of the bags into his pocket. A moment later he was by Colonel Jack's side, and bade him run for it. The bag contained eighteen pounds, of which a third came to the Colonel's share. Being so rich, the Colonel bought himself some clothes, and lodged with Will in a garret, instead of sleeping, as heretofore, where he could.

Some time after this he picked a man's pocket, at the Exchange, of a pocket-book, containing several "goldsmith's notes" and a paper full of loose diamonds, for which a reward of a hundred pounds was offered and obtained a day or two later by Will. Not long afterwards they came across an old gentleman in Smithfield with a canvas money-bag in his hand. He had been taken with a violent fit of coughing, and was resting the hand with the bag in it against the bulkhead of a shop. Will immediately butted the old gentleman in the stomach, whilst Jack snatched the bag. The rogues fled, and it was not till some five minutes later that the unhappy old gentleman was sufficiently recovered to tell the wondering spectators what had happened. The bag contained thirteen pounds.

The next adventure was at dusk in a court out of Lombard Street, where, having watched a woollen-draper's apprentice out of a goldsmith's shop, they flung him down and carried off twenty-nine pounds. Shortly after this, in conjunction with some other foot-pads, they robbed half a dozen people near Kentish Town, securing a large booty. One of the victims was an old woman, of whom they took a guinea. She, the author says, "cried heartily for her money, and said it was all she had in the world. We took it for all that, though it made my heart bleed to see what agony she was in in parting with it." Shortly after this act Will was hanged for burglary and murder.

"And Jack?" said the Blue Eyed Blossom.
"Wait till next week, you greedy pig," said William Biggins.
(Next week, "White Slaves.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

HOPE ON—TRUST EVER.—All in good time.—R. OVERN.—It is a treat to read a sensible letter like yours. You are perfectly in order with regard to your applications. May you be lucky.—J. BARBER.—You do not shine as a poet. Try the milk business.—CLARA E. WILKIE (Wandsworth).—If you had read our "Graphology" announcement carefully, you would have noticed that it is necessary to inclose a stamped envelope.—ONE WHO HAS APPLIED, etc. (Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent).—In the case of Colonial subscribers, an allowance has to be made.—WILFRID LAWSONITE.—You are quite right, drink has proved a curse to the Old Man—in fact, gin is a complete snare.—IDA HEAD (Bolton) writes indignantly to ask why her letter containing Watch coupon was returned? Here's the answer.—Because she forgot to stamp it. Let us hope she will Ida Head (pardon) in shame at having abused us so dreadfully.—R. H.—Don't grumble; you have much to be thankful for. Suppose you had been born a twin.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World.

Forwarded to any Part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

3 Months, 1s. 8d.; 6 Months, 3s. 3d.; 12 Months, 6s. 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL, "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PARIS.

On sale at all Kiosques and Bookellers, at 20 centimes, or by special arrangement at our
PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

SLOPER'S NURSERY RHYMES.

—£1:1:0—

And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the Best Nursery Rhyme, old style, having for its first line the words,

A YOUTHFUL LORD NAMED DUNLO.

Please write on Post-Cards only, and address—

Miss BELLE BILTON,

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * * The List will close SATURDAY, JULY 26TH, 1890.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

MCGOOSELEY says that for the life of him he can't see the use of a-paying a five guinea yearly subscription to the Zoological. "Why, for half the money I can get the jim-jams in good wholesome 'Unsweetened,' and see far rummier animals, and pecks of 'em, too, than ever you can find in Regent's Park." There's nothing like honest economy, particularly when it's blended with wholesome truth. Go up one, Mac! * *

Aunt Parris (going the round of her garden with affectionate nephew). Don't the concubines look nice and fresh this evening, George?
[And, if you'll believe it, George spent a whole day at the British Museum before he found out that the innocent old darling meant concubines.]

LAST week, a certain institution, which shall be nameless, took its orphan boys out for a day in the country. When they got among the fields, the poor children, totally unaccustomed to anything of the kind, looked at one another, and did not know what to do. "Now then, you boys," exclaimed the labour master (that was not his exact title, but it is near enough). "Play about and look happy, or you'll jolly soon have my cane about you."



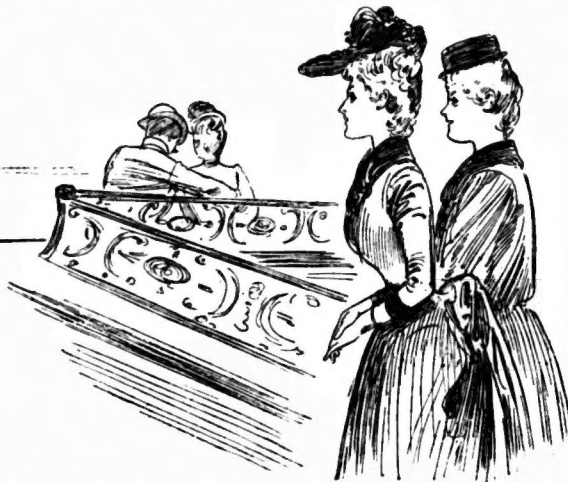
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 325.—The "Scarborough Bathing" Costume.



"Tell her I love her so."
"Oh, yes! likely. I never heard such cool cheek in my life! Tell her yourself!"



Tramp. Please bestow a copper on a poor starving man.
Gent. I've no coppers, my friend, but here's a treatise on anti-fat!



Mabel. Hallo! there's Alice. Who's the fellow, I wonder?
Cecilia. Only her brother, dear. She hasn't been able to secure a mash down here, so she brings him out as a sort of make-believe!



"You have described the times very well; now define common sense." "Common sense? Yes, sir—jockey club, cherry blossom, eau de Cologne, and eau de vie!"



WHAT'S THAT?
Only a little dear who has forgotten to take off one of her stockings!

"SHE sighed, yes, that hard, that she burst her right stay-lace. It flew off, and going clean round the neck of that poor canary, strangled the dear little bird to death." "Ah! that's not so bad as our poor, dear Louisa. She was engaged to a fellow a good bit older than herself. She hadn't seen him for two years, and when she met him, she heaved such a sigh, that it shot the brooch, with his portrait in it, clean off her chest, and so swift, too, that when it struck him in the false teeth, it knocked 'em clean down his throat, and he was killed in exactly two hours, forty minutes and five seconds. I know this for truth, 'cos a fortnight afterwards she pawned the gold plate of the teeth to buy me a dress in proper for a birthday present, and—"

THE rain falls down,
The rain doth fall;
The skies will frown;
List to the call:
Come through the falling shower—
"You wretch! you've been quite an hour.
Don't talk to me of being wet;
'Blue Pig' again—I won't forget!"
—The Husband's Lament.

THE other day Slobbins bought a tortoise in the street and carried it home. In the morning he was disturbed by his servant, lately imported from the Emerald Isle, who shouted, "Och, Masther! Masther! Sure and here's the biggest bug I ever saw in all my life! Och, bedad! and how shall I be after cracking him, the baste?"

BELINDA BLADDER asked her betrothed, who had just returned from the Shom's Elysées at West Kensington, the meaning of *pu de siecle*? Pondering for a moment, he told her he thought the *pu de siecle* was paraffin.

TIME—10 o'clock A.M.
Uncle Straightways. Hallo, nephew, what brings you over here?
Nephew Fastways. Why, to tell you the truth, uncle, I've come after breakfast.
Uncle Straightways (drily). You have, indeed, nephew. About two hours' after breakfast.

LOVE in a cottage is best defined as a husband without the coin to pay the rates, shivering before a wife who's going to pay him with a copperstick because he's not got any money to buy a new guinea bonnet with.

PENHECKER was travelling with Mrs. P. the other day, and in the same carriage there was a happy father with a large flock of offspring. "Are all these yours, sir?" inquired Penhecker. "Yes, sir," replied the proud father; "the fifteen of 'em altogether!" "My goodness!" exclaimed little Pen. "Not by one wife?" "No, sir," answered the other, "by three." "By Jove!" cried Penhecker, "what luck some people have!"

[And then Mrs. P. was nasty, and wanted to know what he meant.]

To teach a girl to spin and cook
Was our ancestors' plan,
And chits were not allowed to look,
Much less flirt with a man.

But now, alas! has come a change,
Of girls we have a batch
Who dress and paint and hair arrange
A wealthy man to catch.

Their mothers teach them how to fish,
As all young ladies ought.
Why don't they teach them what I wish—
To keep them when they're caught?

"HALLO, Jones!" shouted Smith, "I haven't seen you for ever so long. What are you doing now?" "Living on my wits," curtly responded Jones. "Poor fellow!" said Smith, commiseratingly, "you must be starving."

Youthful Bachelor. It seems thundering hard lines to me that a fellow should be limited to one wife. He ought to be allowed three at the least.

Elderly Married Man. You try one to commence with, young man, and if you don't find her quite enough, you will be a remarkably lucky fellow.

"YOU see that man hover the road? Well, 'e's quite ha hoddity. 'Is name's Heve, Hebenzer Heve. Hevery halternate letter him 'is name's a he!"

"WHAT'S better than married life?" "Why, a married life—when your husband's sent across the water for the term of his natural existence!"

First Guest. I had one of the best sucking pigs I ever tasted at this inn last year.

Second Guest. Indeed! Perhaps we can have one for dinner to-day? Let us inquire.

Waiter is called in and inquiries are made.
Waiter. No, gents, I'm afear'd not. You see the old sow had 'em all alive this time.

"DRINK is the enemy of man!" exclaimed the Rev. Ananias Howler. And Jorkins said that he at last understood what the Rev. A. meant by saying that he loved his enemies.

"MY Lottie, come to me and tell,
Do you know that young lad well?"
"I've met him, ma, yes, more than twice.
Oh! he kisses, oh! so nice!
What joy, what bliss, what happy glee,
To sit for life upon his knee!"
"Adone! Thus forward with the chap!
Go to bed and take that 'slap,'
Her sweet eyes now are dimmed with tears,
A restless grief she unbecoming wears."
—Sonnet à la Toilette.

"I'd like a pint o' four ale, master," observed a thirsty-looking customer to the barman at the "Lord Napier" the other day; "but p'raps you wouldn't like to change this sov'rin." "Oh, yes," was the reply, as the beer was being drawn, "we've plenty of change. Here you are." But when the barman took the sovereign a change came o'er the cut of his jib, and he exclaimed, "Why, this is a duffer! A rank bad un!" The other had just finished his ale, and heaving a sigh of gratification he observed, "Ah, that was what I was afraid of, master. I said I didn't think as how you'd care about changin' it, but it's the only coin I've got."
[Verdict.—Sold again.]

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture to be given to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," is an oil painting by FREDERICK BARNARD, measuring 66 in. x 50 in. in a handsome gold frame, and entitled,

"CORIN AND TOUCHSTONE"

Make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with your Name and Address, any time before 8 p.m. on Friday.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * * This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE AT WEYMOUTH.

"Dossit, my dear sir, inferior Dossit," said Mr. Perkyn Middlewick, retired butterman. "You may be at home in all matters of hettyquette and genealogy and such-like, but, dammy! do let me know something of butter. I tell you that it's Dossit—Dossit—that's what it is, and, what's more, it's a two hounce pat!"



Returning from the bath.

They don't give you "Dossit" at the "Royal," where I and the rest of the Royal Family are at present residing, or, if they do, it isn't inferior. There is, however, I see in the Dorset Telegram, another meaning to the word. The other day, George Gregory, a tramp,

came begging at a house at Radipole, and when alms were refused, thrust his fist into the owner's face, and said he "would give him a bit of Dorset." He, however, did not do so, probably thinking butter of it, and the magistrate gave him "seven hard."

As yet, I am happy to say, poor Billy's unfortunate appetite has not created more than ordinary remark, though I have noticed that as soon as he gets his knife into the cheese, the waiter always wants it for some other table. Bob lets him loose in the afternoon at Crabbe's, in St. Thomas Street. He has also tried one of Plommer's tomato sausages as a stay, but says he finds a "quarter pork" more pluggy, and for mustard, salt and pepper there is no extra charge at most respectable public-houses. Bob recommends dog-biscuit and a galvanic shock. Billy fought shy of the biscuit, but took a pennyworth of galvanic, and that night ate enough for six.

"Every visitor to Weymouth," says the guide-book, "should make an excursion to Portland." Several people, since the days of Bob Briery, have made excursions to Portland, and there partaken of Her Gracious Majesty's hospitality, and yet, strange to say, have never, never cared to re-visit the hallowed spot; but Lord Bob, not as yet having had the same experience, took me and that Tottie, and the remains of the Dook Snook, to the famous penal peninsula in a waggone, the horse drawing which was, to say the best, scarcely an Arab steed. Lardi was left to console Billy.

Dorchester you can easily reach by rail, and near it are the ruins of a Roman camp and amphitheatre, which are well worth a visit. The ruins of Sandsfoot Castle, and those of Rufus or Bow and Arrow Castle should be seen, too.

Curious things are to be found round about Weymouth, the Dook Snook tells me. Lulworth skippers, for instance, and red admirals, and I have heard that painted ladies also here abound—not the painted ladies you mean, young man, but butterflies and moths, and other untamed insects on the fly, which the giddy entomologist sticks the pointed pin through, and, impaling them on cardboard, adds insult to injury by giving them a long Latin name.

The bathing is very good and safe too, and the extremely gentle incline of the sands affords opportunities for the display of "the very sweetest things in costumes," which neither this child nor Tottie neglected to take advantage of. We did not, as it happened, try Dossin's new bathing saloon, but this will be perhaps in the coming by-and-by. As it was, we fetched much the wayward Weymouth male men things, who followed us as we strolled homewards in perfect flocks.

The amusements at Weymouth are fairly plentiful, the liveliest perhaps during our stay being Count Paolo's "Black Dominoes," and the Count and George Herbert gave some capital bijou concerts on the Marine Parade, "wind, weather and other circumstances permitting."

Learning from the guide-book that "deep-sea fishing is all that can be desired, while the fly may be used in the capture of mackerel and bass," Bob, who fancies himself as a piscator, accompanied by Billy and the Dook, carrying a huge basket, em-



An excursion to Portland.

arked on the ocean wave. The sea-fish that day were probably too deep for Bob, and the mackerel said "no flies," but they took a bass—one an excursionist had carried sandwiches in— with two handles and a wooden skewer stuck through its ribs.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," July 19th, 1890.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Occupation, if any _____

How many times applied _____

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The List for this week will close on Tuesday evening next, July 22nd, 1890. The List for July 12th, 1890, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for July 26th, 1890.

206th WEEK.

LIST FOR JULY 5th.

The following Twenty Applicants have been given

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. FREDERICK JEFFERISS, Manager, Care of William Bowron, Poulterer, etc., 279 & 281 Edgware Road. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—6 years. LONDON.
2. EDWARD CULFF, Porter, 48 Portland Terrace, Clapham Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—from No. 1. LONDON.
3. E. BOLTON, Architect's Assistant, "The Golden Lion," Wardour Street. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
4. PHOEBE FARR, Barmail, "Shoulder of Mutton," Yaptou. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—5 years, 44 weeks. ARUNDEL.
5. R. E. HAWKING, Hairdresser, 8 Battison Street. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since commencement. BEDFORD.
6. J. BRAND, Bricklayer, 5 Upper Railway Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber since No. 13. BRAINTREE.
7. Mrs. ANN CLARKE, Welton. Age, 50 years. Subscriber—since commencement. DAVENTRY.
8. ARTHUR KEMP, Innkeeper, "Plough Inn," Wissett. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—54 years. HALESWORTH.
9. Miss LIZZIE COOKE, Comédienne, 20 Harford Street. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since January, 1885. LIVERPOOL.
10. H. H. BROOKS, Clerk, M.R., 51 Co-operative Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—5 years, 18 weeks. NEW NORMANTON.
11. FRANK TUGWELL, Schoolboy, 6 Arboretum Street. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. NOTTINGHAM.
12. T. S. HOTCHKIS, Grocer, Stafford Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—5 years, 9 months. OAKENGATES.
13. Miss LIZZIE PRESTON, 52 Bridge Street. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—since commencement. OXFORD.
14. WILLIAM WOOD, Grocer, 155 North Road. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—6 years. PLYMOUTH.
15. C. DE COURCY, Ordnance Surveyor, High Street, Nevins. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. PWLLHELL.
16. D. S. MOORE, Bank Cashier, Bank of Ireland. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—since February, 1886. TIPPERARY.
17. FRANK ELSTON, Teacher, 12 Highbury Cottages, Ellacombe. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—since Christmas, 1885. TORQUAY.
18. J. KIMBERLEY, Stationmaster, L.N.W.R. Age, 49 years. Subscriber—from commencement. WEDNESBURY.
19. TOM STOCKER, Assistant, Post Office. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—5 years. WELWYN.
20. GEO. USHER, Tailor, Melrose Villa, Jubilee Road. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since commencement. WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

IT'S ALL SO CHEAP.

It is a very pleasant thing to see
What very little £ s. d.
Will buy such pretty things for me.
Tomatoes, tuppence to the pound;
Coffee, the very best that's ground;
A shilling's worth would quite astound.
The best of cod five ha'pence buys,
And quite a feed is penny pies;
But then, you see, I'm such an ass
I cannot boast a bit of brass—
Have ne'er a coin to buy a glass.

When things are very cheap, you see,
It's hard to have no £ s. d.
The butcher's meat, it's quite a show
To see the joints all in a row.
Strawberries in lots immense
Is yours but for the fewest pence.
Oh! wondrous cheap is this here age—
To blame it puts you in a rage;
But then, though things are next to naught,
You must have coin afore they're bought.

A quid a week I never earn,
My kids at Board schools 'as to learn.
A eldest gal treads her machine.
Her eyes is red, her skin is green,
Yet uglier 'uns have oft been seen.
In yer ears the truth I drub,
We never eats of wholesome grub.
Dear or cheap, or cheap or dear—
Bah! at such humbug let me sneer.
What matters how the times may wag
If you and me has ne'er a mag.
It is a very beastly thing to see
What very little £ s. d.
Will buy such pretty things for me
When I've not got a coin to chink
To buy a bit of meal or drink.

WELL, HARDLY!

"I DON'T mind my old man being out a bit late," said Mrs. Brown-Smith, "and, what's more, I'm always ready to make allowances; but when he comes home 'all there,' ties a towel round his waist and tries to kick the gas out, then I know that he's been to see those horrid ballets, and I won't have it at no price."

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"
"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

THE TALE OF A BATH TUB.

THIS story possesses no moral. Belle Flinders took to herself a husband fifty years her senior—a dear old retired Ceylon coffee planter, with a huge fortune and no liver. Now, they were going out to the bridegroom's little place at Colombo to spend the honeymoon.

"Look at my new purchase, Dotty," cried the bride the day before they went on board the s.s. Alligator. His name was Dotti—Winkwell Dotti; and Belle, in the first out-gush of conjugal tenderness, called him Dotty. Early on the morning of the day in question, she had gone on a shopping excursion down Regent Street. At a celebrated emporium for travellers' goods she bought a travelling bath of india-rubber. It folded up, when you didn't need it, into a ridiculously little compass.

"Will it fit me, do you think?" she had said to the shopman. "It seems rather small."

But it was a wonderful article when expanded, and big enough to have held her if she had been two lovely sisters, both twins.

The voyage to Ceylon was delightful. Belle learned quite an amount about nautical affairs from the first officer, old Dotti being seasick in his cabin. Dotti would have turned green as well as yellow if he had known of those moonlight walks on deck. They had sworn platonic friendship, and had got further than Christian names.

At Port Said the ship's doctor piloted the juvenile matron through the Arab village, the various cafe chantants and gambling saloons, risking a rupee or two at rouge et noir to please his charge.

At Ismailia the skipper was boarded by an old friend and fellow captain, whose vessel was lying in the Bitter Lakes and, thus the chief officer seized the opportunity to accompany Belle to the Empress Eugenie's palace and a general tour round the little town, making full use of the opportunity afforded him for spooning.

Down the Red Sea, when the sweltering heat had completely prostrated the bulk of the passengers, Belle patronized the bridge while the chief mate and the skipper were on duty, explored Jubelteere and the Shadwan through the binoculars always placed at her disposal, learnt how to box the compass, and studied charts with all the enthusiasm of an amateur yachtsman.

It was one hot day, after leaving Aden, that the propeller broke. A great rent was torn in the steamship's side. "All on deck!" was the cry, when the pumping was stopped. Everybody was got into the boats, including seasick old Dotti. Nobody thought, in the scurry, of young Mrs. Dotti. She was missing, and the first officer had vanished. Curious!

They came on deck at last, and found themselves deserted. He had been showing her how to trace the vessel's course upon the chart, in the supercargo's office.

"We must do something, or we shall be drowned," said he, "unless you prefer dying together. We have talked of doing that before, and now we have got the chance."

Belle thought she would rather live.

"Then I'll make a raft," said Fitzroy Montague—that was his name.

There was nothing to make a raft of, but just then something came floating up the hatchway from the cabin, which was already under water.

The india-rubber bath!

They expanded it. They got into it with a bag of biscuits and a bottle of sherry. The great steamer went down. The bath and its passengers remained floating on the vasty deep.

Twelve hours later they were both saved by a trading lagoon. The other boats were lost. Old Dotti went down with the rest. His rich young widow married the first officer. The travelling bath is an heirloom in their family to this day.



"Will it fit me?"



Quarter-deck flirtation.



Afloat in the bath.

FAR AWAY FROM THE MADDING CROWD.



And so were their clothes when they were washed away by the flowing tide. And those poor dear little girls had to make the best of their way home in their bathing costumes!



A PAIR OF COLTS.

Colonial. Here, I say, get off there! That's my colt.
Robber (drawing revolver). And this is mine!



"I am now known, dear, as an amateur music hall singer. That is, for the sum of twenty guineas paid down to the manager. I have obtained the privilege of starring on his stage. It gave me a splendid opportunity for mashing. I have made thirty-five conquests already!"—Extract from letter of young lady.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS



No. 139.—MISS MILLIE HILTON.

"She is, indeed, the fairest of the fair." —The Dook Snook.
"Her face, her form, her voice, are all perfection."—Lord Bob.
"No sweeter maid is to be found, I ween, than charming Millie Hilton, my heart's queen." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MISS ADA REHAN.



(1). A. Sloper. Is Miss Ada Rehan in, Betsy, my dear?—Betsy. Will you walk in, sir?—A. Sloper. Certainly; and now, in the home of comedy, eccentric and otherwise, I believe it's the usual thing to—(kisses Betsy).—Betsy. Yes, and also to—(smacks A. SLOPER hard).—(2). A. SLOPER is shown up, and left alone in the reception room.—A. S. Ah! I'll have a little fun, à la Nancy and Co.—(takes rug, and hides under it, as enter Miss Rehan).—Miss Rehan (perceiving A. SLOPER'S foot peeping out of rug). Ah! (Starts).—A. Sloper (discovering himself). "What say you to a neat foot?" Shakespeare—ahem!—(3). Miss R. If that be jest—(looks displeased). The door is open, sir; there lies your way.—A. S. Oh, Kate! content

thee; prithee, be not angry.—Miss R. (coddly). They call me Ada that do talk of me. (A. SLOPER feels hurt, and cannot help showing it).—Miss R. (rebutting). Fie, fie! Unkneit that threatened unkind brow, and dart not scornful glances from your eyes. It blots thy beauty, as frost do bite the meadows.—(4). A. S. (dropping Shakespeare). Oh, Miss Rehan, you flatter me!—Miss R. (doing ditto). Not at all, Mr. SLOPER. Well, how is the Family? I hear your daughter is in the profession—what line?—A. S. The single one, at present. (And then the conversation turned on things in general. Eventually, A. SLOPER took his leave.—(5). Being conducted to the front door by Betsy.)

McNAB O' THAT ILK.—THE LAIRD'S SHORTLIVED TRIUMPH.



(1). We all know how tender-hearted the Elder is when he hears a pathetic tale, and the stranger was very, very eloquent. "Tak' this, bairnies," said the Elder, "and mak' yer hame happy," as he handed them a shady half-crown, and then gave way to tears.

(2). "Dang me!" said the Laird, "we had the wall eyed bullfungs on toast that time!"

(3). "Swine, Swine! risk up an' come hame! Yer wife an' bonny wean— are wearying for ye!" hoarsely whispered the Laird; but 'Swine' was far off in the land of dreams. [N.B.—They both think that it was a thunderbolt which struck them!]



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Barnum's rival, ladies and gentlemen, again rises to the occasion, and displays to his friends and patrons one of the grandest collections of the world's gems ever got together by the hand of man. Open Sesame!—Our good old Bishops, quite resigned, Together with the Lord Mayor dined:—The Duke and Stanhope will, no doubt, Quickly the army's faults find out:—The girls receive, with greatest glee, Certificates, as we here see:—Our farmers, one and all, complain That

they are having too much rain:—Sour German beer will surely fail To beat our prime old English ale:—In London, Scottie found that he Must pay if he went on the spree:—'Tis said abstainers got quite tight At the result of Caine's great fight.—Are we, or are we not, to have any summer this year?—that is the question. For my own part, I have serious thoughts of making an ark like Noah's, and, with my goods and chattels, retiring into its precincts.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



A SIGNOR WRANGLER.—(OLD STYLE.)
With apologies to Miss Fawcett, the signora wrangler of Cambridge.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR SMITHERS.
"Till, Jimmy! 'ere's an old 'un with no back-bone to keep 'im up!"
"Dear love! 'E's got 'is stiff shirt-front, ain't 'e? You just chuck a pail of water over it, and see if 'e don't collapse!"

NICE GIRL, THAT!



Harry. Yes, girls, I rowed three miles up the river, stationed myself at a promising looking spot, and was fishing for three hours without catching a thing!
Edith (sweet girl). Dear me! how provoking! Far worse than when we went with you? Why, then you did manage to catch a "crab"!



His doctor has recommended him horse exercise for the benefit of his health.



"AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

LADIES FIRST, PLEASE!

A. SLOPER is terrified to see that it is not in mathematics only that the ladies are carrying all before them. At the recent London University examination in classics for the M.A. degree, Miss Violet Selby, Miss Edith L. Johns and Miss Marian Sherratt stood respectively first, second and third. This ought to cause the sterner sex, with one accord, to pull up their socks and to shake the dust off their eyelashes simultaneously. A. SLOPER fears the worst. Up to now he has been able to keep Mrs. Sloper in her proper position, owing to his superior intellect, his vast experience, and the rolling pin when necessary. But even the worm will turn, and the startling manner in which the ladies



have lately come to the front, reluctantly makes the Ruin feel that the good old days are drawing to a close. Alexandry, Jubilee and Boulanger Shakebacon all share their father's apprehensions and deeply regret they weren't born girls. Ginetta Margarine is in the ascendant.

AUGUSTIN DALY has bought for America Richard Henry's *Adoption*, which it will be remembered was based upon a little story by the same author in last year's "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS," and produced quite recently at Toole's Theatre. This is not only a compliment to Richard Henry but a chalk for the F.O.M.

A RUMOUR has recently been put about to the effect that, owing to the recent Police agitation, the one and only Eminent has consented to accept the control of the Metropolitan force. This we emphatically deny. A. SLOPER has certainly had *certain* dealings with the police, but hardly of a sort to induce him to accept the Chief Commissionership.

HERE you are, ladies! For your dear sakes, we have been all the way to France to obtain the following information. Bless you all! Read it and be happy:—The newest style of dress in Paris is the Jeanne d'Arc frock, which has been made fashionable by Sarah Bernhardt in the rôle of the unfortunate young lady. It is made of rich material, and is very tight fitting, with buttons at the back, and shows off a pretty figure to great advantage. A large design, usually of clusters of *fleur-de-lis*, tiger lilies, or some other large flower, sometimes adorns it.

ALLY ran up from the seaside on Thursday, July 3rd, to pay a visit to Gatti's Palace of Varieties, in the Westminster Bridge Road. His old friends G. and L. Corazza were ready, with open arms, to welcome him under their festive roof, and to explain that, as a compliment to the F.O.M., they had recently called their house *The Family Resort*. A. SLOPER said that he was under the impression that this would constitute an infringement of copyright, Slop. II., cap. 45, sec. 33, but that he would overlook the offence, on their undertaking to continue it. The necessary agreements having been signed, A. SLOPER witnessed one of the best entertainments he has seen for a long time, and on his departure, not only did he make the management a present of the lining of his tall hat, which he said would do to keep odd things in, but he presented them with his Certificate for Purity of Motive.

ALLY ran up from the seaside on Thursday, July 3rd, to pay a visit to Gatti's Palace of Varieties, in the Westminster Bridge Road. His old friends G. and L. Corazza were ready, with open arms, to welcome him under their festive roof, and to explain that, as a compliment to the F.O.M., they had recently called their house *The Family Resort*. A. SLOPER said that he was under the impression that this would constitute an infringement of copyright, Slop. II., cap. 45, sec. 33, but that he would overlook the offence, on their undertaking to continue it. The necessary agreements having been signed, A. SLOPER witnessed one of the best entertainments he has seen for a long time, and on his departure, not only did he make the management a present of the lining of his tall hat, which he said would do to keep odd things in, but he presented them with his Certificate for Purity of Motive.

THE London and North Western Railway have introduced a novelty in excursions in the shape of a trip to "Shakespeare's country" every Saturday. Visitors will thus be able in one day to see Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Leamington and Kenilworth. Admirers of the great poet will, no doubt, take advantage of the opportunities offered them. Letters from different railway companies have lately been pouring into "The Slopers," inquiring as to the whereabouts of A. SLOPER's birthplace. The Eminent is a modest man, so, therefore, declines to give any information on the subject.

WE are but awarding well merited praise in stating that *The Solicitor*, the three-act farce now being played at Toole's Theatre, is far and away the funniest piece to be seen in London. The troubles and complications resulting from the indiscreet act of an eminent London solicitor, who, "after dining," mounts the temporarily vacated box of a hansom cab and drives it through London, are innumerable, and keep the delighted audience in a continual state of merriment until the end of the farce, which is arrived at without any of those tedious, all-round explanations which have



done much to weaken the final act of many otherwise commendable productions of this character. *The Solicitor* is a deserved success.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

SEVERAL American ladies have formed a club, to be called the Colonial Dames of America, which is to be kept exclusive for members of the upper ten. Its object is patriotism, and no woman will be admitted without she has good blood in her veins, and takes at least three hours over her toilet. Male men things who attempt to enter its portals will, by the aid of a spring, be ejected from the door mat into the dustbin, and will be sent home next morning by carrier in a brown paper parcel, carriage unpaid.

NO ONE who appreciates really high class comedy should fail to witness *A Pair of Spectacles*, which of late has been drawing such crowded houses to the Garrick. It is a play which requires very delicate handling indeed, as it is necessary to advance its action by almost imperceptible degrees. Upon Mr. Hare falls this difficult task, he it is who indicates the change from the generous, simple-minded philanthropist, to the mean, suspicious, cynical misanthrope, with such consummate skill. It is a clever, carefully conceived play, full of humour, relieved by delicate touches of pathos, and one that will live long in the annals of dramatic literature.

Is it true that the military are going to strike? According to latest advices such seems to be the case. What a happy place to live in London will become before long! First the police, then the postmen, and now the soldiers. And what is more, rumour has it that the cat's-meat man and the wheel vendor have lately been in a state of convulsive agitation, and may be expected at any time to take to the war-path.

Vera, a drama in five acts, was produced at the Globe Theatre the other afternoon, and ran for five consecutive days. Before offering a critical opinion on the play, we should like to see a stronger company engaged for its representation. The caste, with the exception of the lady who enacted the part of Vera, was conspicuous for its weakness.

A first class return ticket and £10 given away weekly for a trip to the Seaside. It is hardly necessary to mention here that

Baron SLOPER and Family have arrived in Scarborough, because all the Society journals have already announced the fact. Nevertheless, this being a sort of Court Circular—a Mildew Court Circular—the event must be chronicled. Scarborough is always pretty frisky, but the presence of the Pioneer of Purity on the spot seems to have flicked things up to almost fever pitch. Many people are going about with ice on their heads to keep their hair on, while the more composed are content with taking their temperature every hour. You say you wouldn't object to walking about on the Spa under similar conditions? All right, just compose a four line verse on Scarborough, and send it, with this paragraph and your name and address, to "ALLY THE TRIPPER," "The Slopers," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

A FIRST class return ticket to Ramsgate and £10 have been forwarded to Mr. P. SHRIMPTON, 36 Wendell Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W., for the best four line verse on Ramsgate. Here is the work of the budding poet laureate:—

It is true what I say, ALLY SLOPER the gay
Tries the cars of this life to abate,
So I hope he'll decide to let me abide
For a week with £10 at Ramsgate.

To avoid any demonstration, the local police, who are on strike, have been acquainted with the fact.

THE crack West End music halls will have to look to their laurels, for a formidable rival has arisen in the shape of the Tivoli Theatre of Varieties. A very powerful company of artistes is billed at this excellent hall of entertainment, and the result is that, although there are no ballets represented here, consequently no great display of legitness, everyone goes away well satisfied with their evening's amusement. Mr. F. J. Potter, late of the Gaiety Theatre, is the worthy acting-manager, and we must all acknowledge that he is the right man in the right place.

WE beg to contradict the widely circulated rumour that A. SLOPER has entered into negotiations with the directors of the Aquarium to abstain from his favourite beverage for a week, upon the conclusion of Monsieur Jacques' forty-two days' fast.

IF Lady Dunlop proves as successful in the coming Divorce proceedings as she was in last week's cheque case, she will have reason to congratulate herself. Strenuous attempts will undoubtedly be made to untie the nuptial knot, and the sweet Belle will have to undergo a seathing cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, which in itself is not a trifling ordeal. But the charming defendant will, we think, prove a fair match for Sir Charles' cunning, and we shall not be surprised to see the lady emerge from the trial with flying colours. Dear Belle! what a charming innocent little thing she is, to be sure!



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 26TH, 1890.

20th July, 1789.—This day, an action was brought in the King's Bench by an auctioneer, to recover a sum of £230 commission for selling an estate. Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, said he found the profession of an auctioneer was infinitely preferable to that of a barrister, for the difference between the charge of the plaintiff and his own was as follows:—*Auctioneer's charge*: To a pleasant journey into Sussex, where I was hospitably entertained (out two days), £230. *Mr. Erskine's charge*: To pleading from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, by which I was melted down by fatigue to the size of a silver penny, £10 10s. The plaintiff was nonsuited.

21st July, 1888.—A Dublin paper this day says:—"An Irish petty sessions clerk had a strange adventure the other night. He visited Armagh, and drank more than was good for him, and when in an intoxicated condition, agreed to exchange clothes with a soldier, just to see how he would look in uniform. The men having exchanged clothes, the soldier quitted his companion, who fell asleep at the roadside. On waking up next morning and discovering his extraordinary position, he walked to the military barracks and told his tale. It was then found that the soldier had deserted in the clerk's clothes, having taken everything from him but his shirt, from which he even took the gold studs. He also carried away the victim's gold watch and over £3 in money."

22nd July, 1865.—Herr Von Joel, German *siffleur*, died this day, aged eighty-one. "A queer old German," says Edmund Yates, "who sang Jödling ditties, played tunes on what he called a 'voking-shteeck,' and gave capital imitations of birds."

23rd July, 1877.—This day, a pauper lunatic, travelling in charge of the master of the Glasgow workhouse, in an express train on the Midland Railway, suddenly attacked his keeper, who was reading a newspaper, and, producing a razor, which he had concealed, gave him a great gash across the ear, and almost severed his thumb from his hand. A fearful struggle ensued, which finished by the madman drawing the razor across his own throat, cutting it deeply from ear to ear, and he died in the carriage as the train drew up at the station. There were no other persons in the compartment.

24th July, 1859.—Madame Grisi's farewell benefit took place this evening at Covent Garden Theatre. The crowd began to gather round the gallery doors at noon, several bringing camp-stools and provisions.

25th July, 1740.—One Matthew Ryan, tried at Kilkenny for several robberies on this day, came naked to court, having pretended to be a lunatic, thrown off his clothes, and refused to have them put on again. In court he pretended to be dumb, and refused to plead; but a jury, empanelled for the purpose, finding him wilfully dumb and lunatic, the judges allowed him a couple of days to make up his mind whether he would plead or not. "But he still persisting in his obstinacy, the court then ordered him to be pressed to death, and the sentence was accordingly executed on him three days later: but, before he expired, he most earnestly intreated to be hanged, which was refused him."

26th July, 1886.—Very serious rioting took place in Amsterdam on this and the successive evening, consequent upon the attempt on the part of the police to put a stop to a cruel but long established custom of eel-snatching in the canals. The police having failed to disperse the crowd, the military were called out, but before order was restored, twenty-five persons were shot, and upwards of ninety wounded, including forty policemen.

QUID PRO QUO.

ONE summer evening, Jack Tar and his sweetheart, talking sweet nothings, and clasping his ladylove round her dainty waist with arms like iron, listening to the murmuring waves dashing upon the shingly beach, with the shimmering moonbeams glistening upon the surface of the heaving sea. After a long silence, she says, "Jack, my own, give your sweet tootsy-pootsy a kiss." "All right, lass," says Jack, "here's a one for yer; but wouldn't you rather have a quid o' tobacco?"

CABBY KNEW HIS FARE.

A FEW days ago, a fashionable wedding was about to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. It was the marriage of the Viscount de Somebody to the Hon. Miss Thingamijig—and great indeed were the preparations. The highest ecclesiastic in the metropolis was coming to perform the ceremony. Dukes and Earls without number were expected, and literally and figuratively, the red carpet had been got out. Across the narrow little street leading to the gates of St. Peter's was drawn a cordon of police, who, fully conscious of the importance of their office, were religiously treading the coros and bunions off the pedal extremities of the expectant Pimlicoites. Anon, there rumbled down that peaceful little thoroughfare a tumbledown vehicle of the genus "growler." The horse already had his fore-feet in the grave, and very willingly pulled up when A 459 collared him by the bridle.

"You must take this round the other way," said he to the veteran Jehu on the box; "or, better still, I should take it 'ome and boil it." "Wot's the matter with you? You've got yer pension, ain't yer?" retorted the venerable coachman. "Why can't I come through?" "There's a weddin' 'ere," replied the constable, "and all we're waitin' for is the Bishop o' London."

"Well, strike me bloomin' pink, if 'e ain't the wery old boulder as I've got hinside! 'Ere, stand by!"

Whereupon the abashed peeler stood aside, and the cabman, with a mountain air about him, triumphantly shot his load on the sidewalk.

HIGHER UP!

A GOOD story is going the rounds at the expense of that popular comedian, Arthur Williams, who has of late delighted his neighbours in the aristocratic suburb of Upper Islington, by appearing diurnally in a very smart, one horse shay. The gallant steel clad figures between the shafts is a firm believer in the eight hours' movement, and is not accustomed to flurry his fat, or to keep with slavish monotony either to the near or to the off side. Thus it came about the other day, that in his morning run round, the popular wheeze maker found his steed come to a full stop, the traffic being blocked by a line of four wheelers. For some ten minutes or so, Arthur sat patiently still, accepting the situation, but there is a limit even to the patience of a long suffering low comedian, and at length as the growlers showed no sign of moving, he stood up in his trap and called out, angrily, "Go on with that old fever box." The head of an aged and venerable cabman was protruded from the window of the cab immediately in the way, and a harsh voice growled, "Go on yerself—what d'yer mean a-drivin' on to our rank!" It was in sadness that Williams pulled the left rope and journeyed on.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

A NUDE DEPARTURE.

[A cablegram from Detroit states that a law has been passed there, decreeing that all nude and semi-nude statues shall be draped.]



THE "shameful-statue" wheeze
Has broken out across the seas—
And at Detroit, if you please,
Are our "Zeo" zealots aped—
For in that far off town
The goody-goody, with a frown,
Say, "Let Statues be put down
Unless they're fully draped!"

These Grundyites, so preachy,
Loathe the Venus di Medici;
E'en the semi-nude they've loathed—
And they cry to every statue,
"We will never more look at you
Unless you're fully clothed!"

Since this deep Detroit decree
We desire to state that we,
Of "The Sloperies," E.C.,
Haven't from the craze escaped;
So the Eminent and Co.,
Who strict modesty e'er show,
Will ne'er gaze at statues—no!—
Unless the same are fully draped.

Each Venus and each Peri,
Each Apollo Belvidere,
Shall by Sloperites be loathed.
Led by ALLY, wise and wary,
We will shun all statu-ary
Unless it's fully clothed!

SWEETNESS.

It was at breakfast one morning at Mildew Castle, and as things had not been very bright lately there was only twopenny sugar on the table. "I say," exclaimed Alexandry, "I don't like this moist sugar a bit." "Don't you, my son," mildly replied the Eminent; "then you had better lump it."

Each Week Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man gives Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what you are in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT.
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," July 19th, 1890.

Name
Address
Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

181st WEEK.

LIST FOR JULY 8th.

The following Applicants have been given

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. LIZZIE MAYER, 28 Lowden Road, Herne Hill, LONDON.

A SET OF FISH CARVERS.

2. JOHN PERCIVAL, 23 Walter Scott St., off Stoneleigh St., OLDHAM.

A SELTZOGENE.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are inclosed, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Tootsie undertakes to forward unopened, and post-free, all letters received in reply to the advertisements. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



A YOUNG LADY, aged 20, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, who must be well-educated and good-looking. Advertiser 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with dark curly hair, grey eyes, good features, well educated and musical, and is generally considered pretty. Send photo, if convenient, which will be returned, and address—"QUEENIE," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

HARRY, aged 26, dark, of passable looks, 5 ft. 7 1/2 in. in height, a great lover of nature, etc., and partner in a good business in beautiful Midland town, would like to hear from young lady with small means, of matrimonial intention. Inclose photo, please, to—"HARRY," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

CHARLOTTE (Aged 19).

EVA, aged 22, dark complexion, considered nice-looking, would like to correspond with a gentleman of good sense, loving disposition, and fair income. Advertiser is thoroughly educated, and has a small income of her own. Photographs exchanged. Address—"EVA," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

ADVERTISER, aged 27, good-looking, accomplished, University education, good position, kind, jolly and good-hearted, wishes to meet with a beautiful lady, between 18 and 25. Genuine and bona fide replies treated with utmost confidence and secrecy. Address—"HONOUR BRIGHT," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

FAIRY, aged 21, tall, fair, loving disposition, musical, would like to correspond with gentleman, with early view to marriage. Address, in confidence, inclosing photo, which will be returned, to—"FAIRY," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

EDGAR and WILFRID, aged 21 and 27 respectively, desire to correspond with two young ladies of good family, with view to matrimony. Edgar is sandy, but not exactly ugly, while Wilfrid is dark and considered handsome. Both are of medium height, affectionate dispositions, and are in good colored positions. Please address, inclosing photo, which will be returned, to—"EDGAR" or "WILFRID," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* * A Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" will be given to anyone who can prove that these letters are not genuine.

98 FELLOWES ROAD, N.W., June 25th, 1890.
MR. T. GRAHAM begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the ALLY SLOPER "Diploma," which he received to-day, and to which he will give bold advertisement.

THE COTTAGE, HOLLAND PARK ROAD, KENSINGTON, W.,
June 26th, 1890.
SIR ARTHUR CLAY begs to return thanks to MR. ALLY SLOPER for the honour conferred on him and for the receipt of "Diploma."

QUEEN'S SQUARE, NOTTINGHAM, June 28th, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—Please accept my best thanks for the "Award of Merit" you have so kindly bestowed on me. I have been away this last week, so you must excuse my not writing you on receipt of same. I need hardly say that I appreciate the design, and hope I may have the pleasure of long being an F.O.S.
Yours very obediently, ARTHUR SHREWSBURY.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, June 30th, 1890.
DEAR MR. SLOPER,—Tears of heartfelt emotion filled my eyes this evening when I received that artistic and beautiful mark of your esteem. Let me proudly sign myself, your friend,
GERTRUDE WARDEN, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 18.—HIS SECOND LITTLE LOTTERY DODGE.

So SLOPER established his "Church Bazaar"
In a thoroughly legal way,
And philanthropists came from near and far
At the lottery game to play.
And ALLY, no doubt, would have soon amassed
A goldcoda of wealth, had he
Not stoutly declared, ere a week had passed,
That he couldn't a hypocrite be!

"Shall future historians tell how I
For unrighteous lucre wrought,
By assuming a clergyman's nice white tie
And a clergyman's nice black coat?
Nay, perish the thought! I will stain my soul
With the terrible sin no more,
For I can't, in a clergyman's raiment, call
On the barmaids I kissed before!"

So he pawned the ecclesiarch's neat attire
For a dollar; but, strange to say,
His bosom still burned with a wild desire
At the lottery game to play.
And the Eminent followed, in accents stern,
"Though I cannot a hypocrite be,
Yet these lottery stoppers, egad! must learn
That they can't put the stopper on me!"

And a million tickets are going the rounds
For a Hamburg lottery vast,
And the first pretty prize is a thousand pounds,
And a trousers-button the last!
By Herr von Schmidt is that lottery game
Conducted—and who shall guess
That Herr von Schmidt is the business name
Of that law-fearing loon, A. S.?
For, although 'twere a crime for the Poor Old Wreck
To have given his money away,
Yet the Hamburg frauds, without fear or check,
At the lottery game may play!

A DAMPER.

SCENE.—Umbrella Hospital.

Enter Old Lady, who quietly takes a seat.

Polite Shopman. What can I do for you, madam?

Old Lady. I want my umbrella.

Polite Shopman. What name, if you please?

Old Lady. Miss Araminta Blossom.

(Interval of long duration, during which old lady becomes more and more impatient. At last—)

Old Lady. Where is my umbrella?

Polite Shopman. I have looked all over our stock, madam. In fact, I have been looking for nearly an hour, and I cannot find it.

Old Lady (in a rage). I am much annoyed. All you shopkeepers are so dishonest! Here have I been waiting nearly an hour, and you cannot find my lost umbrella; yet you have a bill in the window saying "Umbrellas recovered in half an hour." [Exit.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

W. ANSON,
Because he gives free concerts to the people.

PROF. ATTILA,
Because he's the leading "strong man" trainer.

W. LEE BEARDMORE,
Because he's the right man in the right place.

SIR EDWARD BRADFORD,
Because he is the new Police Commissioner.

HARRY BRETT,
Because he's "Funny without being Vulgar."

WILLIE CLARKSON,
Because he's theatrical wigmaker to the Sloperian Household.

FRANCIS GEORGE GORTON,
Because he knows how many beans make five.

A. J. MASON,
Because he went to school with ALLY.

H. M. STANLEY,
On his marriage with Miss Dorothy Tennant.

H. V. L. STANTON,
Because he is the Sportsman's "Wanderer."

DOROTHY TENNANT,
On her marriage with Mr. H. M. Stanley.

DELL THOMPSON,
Because she is the i-Dell of ALLY's heart.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane,
July 19th, 1890. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ALLY SLOPER'S POOR BOX.

* * Subscribers of not less than a Shilling will receive (post-free) a Cabinet size Photograph of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK £22 2s. 1d.

ALLY SLOPER, Esq. (weekly donation), £1; Proceeds of entertainment given at the "PECKHAM AND DULWICH RADICAL CLUB," £1 3s. 4d.; S. J. GLEED, 1s.; MAUDE THOMS, 4d.; OLRAC, 3d.; A. SHAW, 1s.; C. H. THORPE, 1s.; W. WISE, 1s.; R. ROSTROW, 2s.; "BINKS," 2s.; Dr. F. TAYLOR SIMSON, £3 3s.; JENNIE, 3d.; E. D. REAKES, 1s.; H. HAMPTON ROSE, 1s.; E. H., 1s. 3d.; H. P., 1s.; W. F. LILBURN, 1s. 1d.; FRANK, 3d.

Making a total received up to July 8th, 1890—£28 3s. 1d.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY IS THE LETTER Y LIKE AUGUST?—Because it appears at the end of July.

THE SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS: Alexandry.

NOT SUPPLIED BY RUDGE OR HUMBER—Schoolboys' (s)trikes.

TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES—I. I.

THE COURT OF "CHANCERY."—That where the Much Kicked

One's lottery case was tried.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

HYPNOTINA: A NOVEL OF TO-DAY.

BY A FASHIONABLE LADY-NOVELIST.

CHAPTER V.

THE morning following the detective's visit to Hypnotina sees things in a confused state at the establishment of the venerable Spout. Having, the



The active boy.

moment he knew his daughter to be thoroughly acquainted with the mesmerist's art, dismissed all his assistants (with the exception of that indispensable "active boy," who spends his time between cleaning clean windows and watering the pavement on wet days), the gentle pawnbroker is obliged to attend to the business himself. He knows nothing of the hypnotizing detective's performance with his daughter on the night before, and is consequently at a great loss to account for her present condition, which is one of very great seriousness indeed. She has wandered into the little parlour at the back of the shop, where she now sits

a senseless heap of fine clothes and jewellery. It is a sad sight, and the eyes of her dear dad fill with tears whenever he has the leisure to turn them in her direction. He is thinking, no doubt, of the night his Hypnotina, with an impulsiveness peculiar to the breed, threw her fair arms around his neck and imparted to his eager ears the welcome intelligence of her discovery in the book on Hypnotism.

Evening came, and with it, as might have been expected, Detective Router, of Scotland Yard. At the time he (the 'tec.) made his appearance in the shop, dressed as a bricklayer's labourer, Spout was busily engaged with a customer, and when the pawnbroker was gone Router approached the counter.

"What can I do for you?" asked Spout of the detective?

"I want you to tell me what these are worth," replied the detective, fumbling in one of his coat pockets.

Spout leaned over the counter, and Spout almost immediately wished he hadn't, for the things that Router was searching for in his pocket happened to be bangles of a most negotiable description—"darbies," in fact; and they were round the wrists of the unwary Spout before he exactly knew what had occurred.

"They ain't worth much," said the pawnbroker, recovering his presence of mind. "They're rather an old-fashioned pair. I wouldn't give you more than half-a-dollar for them."

"Wouldn't you, indeed?" laughed the detective, meaningly, as he crawled over the counter, and stood with Spout on the other side. "But look here," he added, putting on a serious tone and face, "what I want before I go, and you go with me, is an interview with your daughter. Where is she?"

The pawnbroker pointed sorrowfully to the little back parlour. The detective entered, and presently came out with Hypnotina. The girl was still in a trance, and knew not by whom she was being willed from her seat.

Fixing the bracelets on Hypnotina's fragile wrists, the hypnotist-detective, keeping a watchful eye on Spout the while, performed the necessary restorative passes before the girl's face, and then, having brought her to her senses, arrested her on a charge of fraud.



Arrested.

The next morning, a pawnbroker, giving the name of Spout, was sentenced, together with his daughter Hypnotina, to twelve years' penal servitude.

THE END.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 160. - MR. W. L. MURDOCH, F.O.S.

"To please our numerous cricketing patrons and in response to many clamorous demands we give above the portrait of W. L. Murdoch, the well-known and much respected Captain of the Australian Cricketers. Our hero has not always filled his present position, at one period of his existence it was thought he would turn bushranger, but wiser counsel prevailed, and our hero instead, shone forth as a gold digger, commencing operation in his father's back garden; here, after two days' hard labour, he succeeded in unearthing three worms, two brass buttons, and a bone supposed to be from the butt end of a shoulder of mutton. Disgusted at his failure, our hero soon gave up this unsatisfactory work, and took to the cricket field, where he at first did not shine very brightly, but practice makes perfect as we all know, and our hero at last blossomed forth as a fully fledged cricketer, and speedily gained for himself a place among the foremost ranks of Australian Cricketers. Asked to accept the captainship of the Antipodean team, he at first declined, but on it being pointed out to him that a refusal on his part would lead to his being publicly executed, he at last gave way, and is now happy in the position he holds. Chiefly because he is a good Captain, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him June 21st, 1890."—*Debrett Improved.*



"Wot say? Wull I ask master ter let yew skitch hims 'ay stacks? Don't think 'ee wull, 'cos of they turmuts."



Bride. No, darling! you must really wait until the paint gets dry before you kiss me, or it will all come off on your lips!



THE PIGMY QUEEN.

Don't tell Miss Tennant, but this is a girl Stanley was awfully gone on in Darkest Africa.

STUPIDITY, THY NAME IS WOMAN.



Captain Cuffhard. I say, girls, I put ten successive shots in the bull this morning.
Rose. How horrid! Poor creature! and was it killed? ("Confound it all," said Captain Cuffhard, afterwards, to a particular chum, "the girl thought I was talking about cows.")



A CURE O' SOLES.

"Yer Pa wants fresh soles, do ee? Just yew tell him they're like Tom Bowling's—they're gone aloft into the 'upper' story."



"There's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip."

THE LOST CHILD; OR, AN UNFORTUNATE "SPEC."



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5)

(1.) Little Chorley (the fern seller). "Ere's a chornce for a noo rig out o' togs! I've allus wanted a little shuit o' clothes like this 'ere!"—(2.) Gipsy Jonah (to his friend). "Look 'ere, Bill, 'ere's a nice little feller a-walkin' abart without 'is shoes and stockin's! Some gentleman's child as 'as got lost, you may depend. Let's take charge on 'im?"—(3.) "Yus! we 'ave took yer clothes. 'Cause we're a-goin' to take 'em to the p'leece horrice to 'ave yer identified! 'Old yer nose! D'y 'ear? Yer got to sleep in the tent along of us to-night."—(4.) Little Chorley (leaving the camp at

midnight). "Couple o' reglar, right down, bloomin' thieves—that's wot they are!"—(5.) Policeman. "These are the little boy's clothes what you stole off the 'edge. So you'd better come quiet, and let's 'ave no 'umbug!"—Jonah. "Look 'ere, copper, I'm ruined! that's wot I am. The bloomin' kid's cleared orf with everythink we've got in the world. Ackshally stole Bill's weskit and the boots orf 'is feet, and now we're going to be locked up, all along of bein' kind 'earted! Oh, what a wicked, ungenerous world this is to be sure!"

A CHECK ACTION.



Rude. Ben. Oh, crikey! Joe, here's a bloke been and gone and muzzled his gun. Does he take it for a dog, I wonder? (The poor boy had never heard of sight protectors.)

UNDER THE INFLUENCE.



"Fact is, my dear, been in a mes-mes-merie—(hic!)—demon-demonstrated—sent home per-perfectly—(hic!)—hip-not-isel."